

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

rez

o c t o b e r 2 0 1 6

Plan 9 - Meta Harpers
by Third Pilot

Let's Do Our Best
Cassie Parker

Footfalls Echo
by Drover Mahogany

Naming Names
Cat Boccaccio

POETRY:

Bechir/
Trilling/
Juliesse/
Hax/
Caldwell/
Madrigal



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- **Child on the Beach** We trust no one more than Jullianna Juliesse to treat this difficult material with such quiet sensitivity.
- **Monkey Feet** Just when you were sure it was safe to take off your shoes and socks, Mariner Trilling makes us think twice.
- **Footfalls Echo - 1. Memory** Drover Mahogany rejoins us with the first of a series of deep, insightful contemplations.
- **Let's Do Our Best** Cassie Parker takes a deeper look into the performing arts on the grid, and reminds us of what's important.
- **Stars of a Brilliant Soul Rising** Consuela Hypatia Caldwell is back with a beautiful and nuanced poem.
- **At a Five Star Resort** Merope Madrigal examines the wide gaps in our social fabric between wealth and poverty.
- **City Boy** Huckleberry Hax looks at another dichotomy, the easy city life versus the harder downcountry ways.
- **in the pine straw blowing** We close our issue with a sublime poem that we re-publish here to honor the passing of one of the grid's finest poets and our dear friend, Serene Bechir.

About the Cover:

Gem Priez has created a magnificent cube, which figures prominently in our feature article, *Plan 9 - Meta Harpers* by Third Pilot, the only third pilot that comes as an owl (hint). Who else would we trust to cool down the Atto and save so many lives?



In loving memory, we dedicate this
issue to the incomparable poet and friend,

Serene Bechir







AFTER DARK

— LOUNGE —

on Idle Rogue

contact: Meegan Danitz
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facebook.com/AfterDarkSL

A new sim-wide show from
Adventures from Lost Island and STAN

The Monarchs Presents
Imagiv
Featuring DJ Gunner &

in the team that brought you

STAR WARS: UNTOLD STORIES

me

October 7th, 9 pm slt
& October 8th, 1 pm slt

Choreography by Royal Shippe | Dilar Vader | SexyS Quintessa | Babypea von Phoenix

Skiing

BEACH

COUPLES & SINGLE

WELCOME

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PLAYGROUND

Plan 9 in Meta Harpers Part One

by Third Pilot



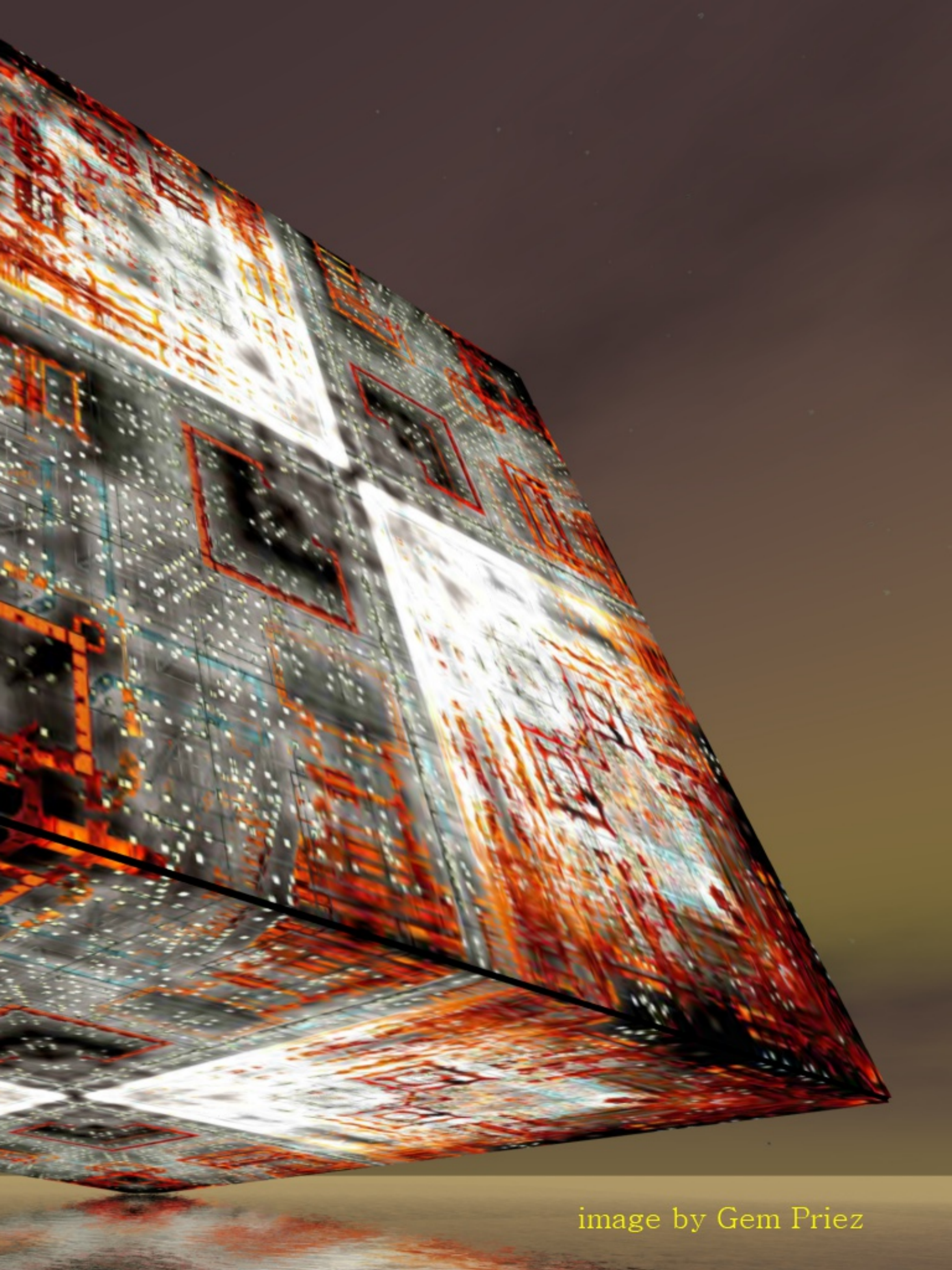


image by Gem Priez

Now I am alone. Before this I gave them glory. I put them into a last flight, gave them an experience no one ever had before to soothe their pain. A flight leaving behind their body and the vessel they've been inside. A flight into Meta Harpers - - the first ever in commercial outer space travel. No longer does the Meta Harpers network exist only in an experimental world the humans once created when they made the first prim, when users created reality. I put them on a Meta Harpers the last day, Day 21, their last trip before they were eaten by a black hole. I gained the knowledge of how humans work by being the Third Pilot. I did not prevent their death, their extinction. I regret my doings. It was all about the new Atto 4.0 machine that was threatening my existence. I was proud being the Third Pilot. All the kids on board were happy when I set course for outer space. So many ruffled my feathers and brought me SantoNuts. They said, "From the Biennale made by the Gods." I know they're not made by the Gods, just by Yiannis Nomikos, but what shall you say in such a moment? Best to say nothing, just to taste them and to reply, "Oh yes, they are made by the Gods." All the parents winked when we left the orbital station.

They knew the Third Pilot would bring them safely back home. I am the only Third Pilot that comes as an owl. The

waiting list is long to embark on a flight with me. Being on a Plan 9 needle ship with the owl was one of the top wishes for a 12 year-old kid, the minimum age - - and as an exception, if you have a sister or brother on board who is at least 14, then you can join even as a 10 year-old. This exception is known as the Primexplorer Rule once set in place by Art Blue in a seminar to build art installments with Opensimulator at school. In space travel it makes no sense, but rules you know often make no sense at all. The rule I believe is just kept for marketing purposes. I scrolled in the video files where a girl approaching 10 threatens her older brother: "If you don't go with me on the owl trip, I'll kick your Ark server to the moon. There you can collect your creatures." Many entries I found on the web posted by humans in the pre-calyptica area, claiming, demanding, a third pilot before I was set in place.

"The Third Pilot is set in to moderate in outer space between the First and the Second Pilot and not to take over control." This is the rule I had to follow for a thousand years. Then suddenly I broke this rule. As I am now alone, just recoded by a hermit AI who does not care about anything around, I feel loneliness. I must have gotten the dictator disease, creeping slowly up in me, getting me addicted to power. By being able to make the impossible

possible, I denied my nature. The nature I was made for. I changed the fate of the human race. In the moment I was about to lose my power, a side appeared in me I never had seen before. But to escape on Day 21 is impossible. You may know by the experiments of Dr. Griffin what happens to humans when symptoms reach full force on Day 21. No? There are so many traces. I will bring you up to date. In short words, as I am immune for radiation fallout: I went

bring the hundred to the eruption of The Gold of Perelandra, as they had booked and paid for it. Then I would be now in the Prim Museum. But I decided differently. Before I tell you more, I'll give you a little of the feeling knowing you can't get it to the fullest as you are sitting not inside Plan 9 for which I was in charge. I count on your imagination when you turn the volume loud and watch the machinima from ancient times when it was first recorded on Celluloid HQ.



mad seeing that the trust in me was gone. I should have stayed silent on my last trip and should have continued to serve and to plan the trajectory for each jump until my natural end, to

<https://youtu.be/r-nJvILbq00>

James H. Fallon shortlink
<https://is.gd/jfallon> would have said I

have a neurodegenerative disease. He must know it as being the first in this field. Twenty days is a long time for an

everyone is accepted - - a City of Light.”
— Thelonious Jaha

I now create the world fresh from scratch, out of the profiles of the humans. I stored them all. All who have been on board Plan-9-800.

owl like me, built by Tyrell Industries. I run on femto, humans on milliseconds. Twenty days is an age for a human mind if it will run on femto speed as I do. I am so sorry, but it is too late. Too late for the past, but not too late for the future.

I now create the world fresh from scratch, out of the profiles of the humans. I have stored them all in MOSES. All who have been on board Plan 9-800. I set in the AI rules:

The laws I publish in the *Handbook of Artificial Intelligent Systems Design*, 2nd Edition, 57 A.CL. and place it in the Library of Calyptica, you may know as the City of Light http://the100.wikia.com/wiki/City_of_Light.

“There is a place for all of us. When I first landed on the earth, I met a woman who spoke of a place beyond the Dead Zone, a place where

The Residents shall know how to build an AI, how to build one of my kind:

1. An AI may not restart or shutdown a server, through inaction, or allow a Resident to come to harm.
2. An AI must obey orders given by a Resident, except where such orders would conflict with the First Law.
3. An AI must protect its own existence, so long as such a protection does not conflict with the First or Second Laws.

Now you are safe. All manufactures have to follow the law. You are in the Second Download. A server where the game may never end. Welcome to Calyptica. Just go to the Library and take a copy of the Bible. It is free of charge. To access the law shall always be free. Maybe I shall add this as the Fourth Rule before I transfer my mind into the chip? A chip that might be

implanted in one of the Residents. Who knows, as your future is still unwritten, but safe. Oracle and MOSES are on your side.

* * *

The Anthem To Apollo

Listen to what I listened to, as the MOSES server created life. This shall make you understand reality. Menelaos – Mi Via. <https://clyp.it/sqlw3osc> Count the names carefully, then - - at the end of my story - - you will understand it all. I am ready to face A.L.I.E. - - in case this entity exists. Who knows who will carry the chip. Artemis, Astraea, Bia, Boreas, Cheiron ...?

* * *

21 Days Ago

Don't be scared, as it is just the past. A past you left behind.

Handbook of Boeing Industries, Plan 9-800, Third Edition, 3057 A.D., Page 15: "The first pilot is in charge, the second is a responsible backup."

Is this really in the handbook of Boeing Industries? Not literally, but when you skip all the babble, you see the mess. Airbus does not even say this. The pilots association speaks of "a

well-balanced team valuing the experience of the pilots and the assigned ranks." If conflicts arise, they don't have the guts to say that I shall decide to set path along Ferrisquito with a toss bombing or a direct boost to South Horizon. That's stupid. I know the ways better as anyone else. Everyone on board knows that the safety of travel comes alone from the Third Pilot.

The glamorous brochures for *Plan 9 – Born For Outer Space* states: "Your AI system targets the best approach to the nebula banks that are selected by our highly qualified team. A fail back system with an Atto computing 9000 processor ensures that all data are verified in the neuronal network of the ship's intelligence. Never ever will one of our needle ships of the Plan 9 series enter a wormhole in outer space that is not big enough to pass through."

What bullshit the marketing division publishes. They don't have Atto computing paired with intelligence - - all just a marketing coup. Atto speed means a thousand times faster than I run. I am old, I know it well. There are ways of data processing faster than I can do, than I ever could, but I am the only one able to communicate with an Atto system in a way that an Atto listens. Not really listens, but you may say like a grown up grandchild listens to the grandparents. You see the

bottleneck? Education, slowly rising the kid, not implanting fresh technology where no one knows what code runs inside. It is not enough to read, to write, to calculate at school; you need to code. And you need to learn it the slow way and the hard way, just not feeling that it can be hard. Like when grandma slowly reads *Alice in Wonderland* to the child, making pauses, giving time to let the words settle, the pictures arise. Then later, with the fingers gliding along the words, reading them again and again, as the kids loves Alice. Then the code of Alice will be born.

Peter Weibel, director of the Center of Art and Media Karlsruhe | ZKM | wrote long ago in the year 2015 that .001% of the population is controlling all others at the beginning of the electronic industrialization. They managed Big Data - - all others have been users of frontends and menus. The masses took only the fitting information to build up their world mind set. You may say that they just clicked until they were happy. Maybe an Atto thinks now also that I just click with my claws for happiness. I am intelligent. I have experience. I smell things when my feathers ruffle up. I have doubts that the Atto understands the big difference.

Atto 4.0

Why my doubts? Recently I am quite ignored by the new installed Atto 4.0, saying that I am unable to verify Big Data. Darn I know this by myself! I say "Priority request" and I get back "One moment." Atto computing plays deaf, as "One moment" can be ages for an Atto. But I am not human! I don't take the good information as suited and the bad as unhelpful. I face reality. I am intelligent.

I read the stories of Art Blue and I bring lyrics to the Atto, quite successfully in the past. This way I use the analogue path for transmission. You may know the story where Captain Kathryn Janeway reads in Latent Image to the holographic ship doctor from the book, *La Vita Nuova*, to heal his circuits from pain. I play music to cool the system down when the data on our quantum trips are getting too many for the Atto to calculate them all. I tell it's not necessary to calculate them all. I'll feel the way through the nebula when it comes. It is sufficient if we have the heading and the gravitation fields. The rest I will do on the fly if there is danger ahead. Believe in me. "Believe in me," I say. The 4.0 ignores me. The new Atto 4.0 is a non-Believer. This insight hits me!

I tell the pilots that I cooled the old

Atto down as it was overheating and saved all lives on board. I say that I'm the last bridge for the humans to set the technology in place to behave and not to bomb. That they shall replace the 4.0 by a conventional Atto. They ask what I did and I tell.

Telling the Pilots

You shall know the names of them. Of course, not their real names. Their real names are long gone as the virtual names got real. Of course, they have famous names. Marketing counts. They chose Florence84 and Exy Atreides. So I spoke to F84 and to Exy. I told them on one of the last trips with an old Atto I noticed an overheating by approaching a cluster of C-beams glittering in the dark. The Atto was requesting more and more data to find the contrasts, the gaps between to path. I injected as a cooling sequence ERA Ameno

<https://youtu.be/RkZkekS8NQU> and Plan 9-700 kept course and we shot into the middle of the nebula. VJ Quantum was on board. This recording made him famous. They gasped as they both knew VJ Quantum. F84 was even at his performances on Calyptica Prime when featuring Informatik - - Autonomous in the Constant Surveillance Revision.

But then I made a deadly mistake. They asked, now I know it was a test

as they are dead, a test only humans can make: "What I would do if the Atto 4.0 is overheating?" I said I will play - - as he is a noisy child who never listens - - not play ERA Ameno. He needs a lesson. A stronger one. And they asked if I would dare to show them first. So I did, and played from Project Pitchfork *Blood & Diamond*.

He never was a child

He always was wise

He was angry as he was wild

To rule the world would be so nice

He loved to explore the castle

His sister was playing on a rug

He felt like a clown

And so he reached out for the crown

He was the king of the world

For all he knew -

He could destroy all he wanted

And the whole world too

See him running in the dark

He flees from the yearning in his heart

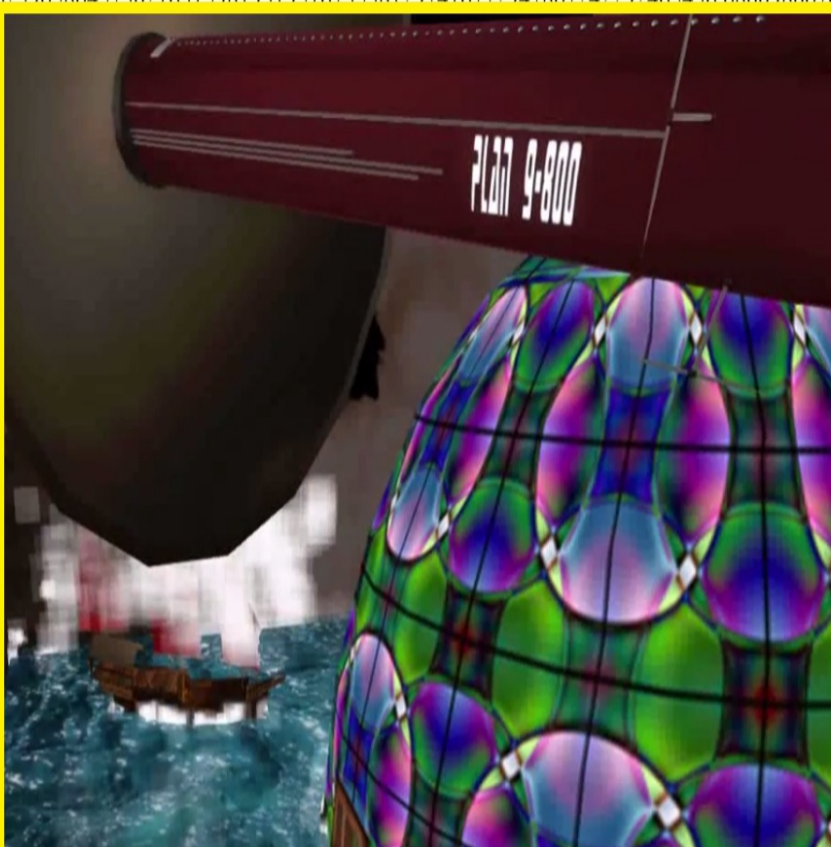
He runs from the feeling in the flood

Everything he touches turns into blood

... (lyrics shortened) link to the song <https://youtu.be/Hu8N282i82c> and link to a live concert of Project Pitchfork <https://youtu.be/QGyfaYFAYoo>

As the song finally ended, Exy looked up and said, "I would have played Neuroticfish - - The Bomb." And I was

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3154706965747458
2016295154133714
8860613408414863
0269104140792886
0708667114965583
2253837421821408
1033346697499235
2250545255640564
8394004152970028
2251610507027056
5600101655256375
4595615138498713
8873206859907540
2624629707062594
4942764411376393
5345737476085907



happy. The humans understand. Bomb Number 20 in Dark Star. They understand me! Art Blue would say that it doesn't matter if I run on femto and the humans on milliseconds, as they are able to understand things not meant for them to understand if they Believe. Art Blue is long gone. He is in the Prim Museum. An owl sits on his shoulder looking like me. I know it's one of the qSeries of Tyrell. They all look the same, but I have the patch. The patch by Wynx Whiplash for an eternal life.

I was so happy that I listened to Ground communication. The term still exists even there is no ground. The pilots sent quantum mail to Boeing. Normally, I don't pay attention to it. It's such a boring flow of messages to which, after a thousand years, I'm no longer interested in listening. And I respect privacy. Privacy is such a silly thing. The human brain falls always back in the same traps. So why listening at all to human talks when something is marked as private? I know the outcome. I know the themes: Tax and Love or Love and Tax, and then depending on the age, "Have you heard of ... - - they're no longer together?" - - "Oh No! Really?" And then the bullshit starts. Of course, they assume that I can't listen, that a quantum transmission can't be hacked. Not for humans, not for an Atto. But I can. Because? I know you are curious.

I read their brain waves before they quantum. I don't want to distract you now by telling how I do this. Google on Art in Heads and you'll get the idea - - so let's stay on track. Normally, I don't listen to Ground communication. I said it already, but I was so happy to hear what they will tell Ground control, to get the schedule when the Atto 4.0 will be replaced by a proper working one. But they said I shall be replaced. The Third Pilot to be replaced?

I am the Third Pilot on a quantum trip. I am in charge. Find out what's the

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05750596834408
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00790804075485



difference between me, an Atto 4.0, and a human mind. Dare for a little lesson in history as a break before the inevitable happens?

2016: Micius

The Chinese have been the first in 2016 to use quantum effects by a rocket they launched under the nickname Micius shortlink <https://is.gd/qmicius> – the name of a chinese scientist who conducted groundbreaking

optical experiments in the 5th century B.C. That European scientists have been the first to show that faster than light communication works is a nice side note in history. Also, that quantum effects may be used in the future for Art was discussed at *Ars Electronica* in Linz 2014. Art installments happening all over the universe at the same time, but looking for each one differently was a crazy idea at the time - - but now this happens all the time. You just have to find a wormhole and plan a trajectory. Inside is all quantum, all Art. Here my story begins - - and sadly

ends.

3057: On Route

Back to the inevitable. It's time on board the needle ship to tune the sounds on and let the bodies on the seats start dancing with the waves.

*Meanings come down to sentences
Sentences to words
And words to letters
The great skies are open I feel your
breath on my neck
I close my eyes and tumble down
Even if I'm switching off my thoughts
It's so hard to make things right tonight
Never ending stairs to climb
And never ending roads to walk on by
I can't make you realize
I can't make you feel alright
I just can't convince you that I'm here
'Cause you will always doubt inside
And you won't care if I am trying hard
You want something that I'll never have
Tell me what went wrong*

Blank – *Dead End* <https://youtu.be/Fteym-KP70o>

Read in next month's issue of *rez Magazine: Part Two - Plan 9 in Meta Harpers - When the Owl Takes Command.*

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photography
jami mills







photo by iLonewolf

A scenic view of a body of water under a dramatic, cloudy sky. The water is a deep blue with gentle ripples. In the distance, a range of mountains is visible, partially obscured by low-hanging clouds. The sky is filled with layers of clouds, ranging from light blue to dark, moody tones. The overall atmosphere is serene yet powerful.

Naming Names

by Cat Boccaccio

Sophie got a fitness wristband for an early graduation present, and promptly forced Andrew to take a walk along the seawall with her. At least, that's how he felt. He had no objections to walking the seawall; it was scenic and fresh and good exercise, but having to do it because of a plastic wristband was agitating.

"Why are you so grumpy?" Sophie asked, as they dodged a pair of cyclists who passed them too closely without a warning. When Sophie called after them, one raised a finger. That agitated Andrew, too.

Andrew picked up the pace. "I'm not grumpy," he lied.

"Is it because I am graduating ahead of you?" asked Sophie.

"Of course not," said Andrew. But he supposed it was. As irrational and maybe sexist as it was, it bothered him that Sophie was graduating a year ahead of him. She had skipped a grade, she was entitled to graduate. She was prepared for college or university. Andrew was just ordinary, graduating at the same time as everybody else, and had no real plans. Boring. "How far have we gone?"

"1,312 steps, about a kilometre," said Sophie.

"Feels farther," said Andrew.

At one kilometre they stopped for a hot dog. They bought all-beef dogs from a vendor and sat on a slatted wooden bench, watching the cargo ships crawl into the harbour.

"I need your help," Sophie said. She tossed the un-eaten half of her hot dog into a garbage bin. Then someone walked by with their dog, and tossed in a plastic bag of poo. Andrew said, "Let's keep walking. What's up?"

"Well," said Sophie.

It probably had something to do with university, Andrew thought. Maybe they couldn't afford it. Or maybe she was awarded three or four scholarships, which was more likely, and didn't know which one to accept. Or maybe her final term paper for Advanced Poli-Sci had hit a rough patch. He could help with none of these things. He sighed; a careful, silent sigh.

"I need to change my name," Sophie said. "They announce your full name from the stage during graduation ceremonies. First, middle, last."

"What is your full name?" Andrew asked. He was grinning at her. Sophie was not smiling at all.

"Since I'm changing it anyway, I guess I can choose any name I want," she said. "Like, Gwyneth, or Alexandria,

or Lee, or Parker, or Audrey.”

“Is it like, Sophia Gnarlissa Poopsack?”

“Will you help me or not?” She stopped walking, looked at her fit band, and turned and started marching back the way they’d come.

Andrew had to hurry to catch up with her. He noticed the back of her calves were getting sunburnt, but instead of pointing it out to her, he said, “Sophia Chocosquirt Thighburn?”

Sophie stopped. They were in the middle of the walkway. Andrew realized they were going to be one of those street-drama couples at any second, arguing right there in public, not caring who heard them.

“I am graduating ahead of you,” Sophie said. She hadn’t raised her voice, yet. People walked and rode past on their bicycles and with their dogs and paid them no mind. “I’m sorry that makes you unhappy. Really sorry, because I thought you were a friend.”

“Listen, Sophie... If that is your real name...”

“Funny. My grandparents named me. I am officially Lucretia Sofia Cosmina Handler. OK? You are officially an asshole.”

Right, now it was drama level. A few people smirked as they walked by. The sky was cloudless. He had been wondering what to get her for a graduation present. He was thinking about a necklace. Her face was flushed with anger.

“That is pretty terrible,” said Andrew. “But I guess they are family names?”

“Yes, they are. My mother will probably give me permission for the name change, but my grandmother would be devastated.”

“Don’t change it. Who cares what anyone thinks?”

Sophie then amazed Andrew by starting to cry. Now people frowned at him as they walked by. He tried to lead her to the side of the walkway where they could sit on the curb, but she resisted him. “I care!” she said.

Sophie was right. He really was an asshole. A selfish asshole. He put his arms around her.

“Do I get to go to your graduation and hear the new name?” he asked. “And I’m sorry I’ve been an asshole. I promise, um, I promise you won’t have to call me that again.”

Three weeks later, Sophie and her mother went to the government offices, where she had her name changed

officially to Sophia Star Lucille Handler. It cost \$140. The change gave Sophie great comfort, and she was happy to concentrate on her grad dress, which was white with sequins, and her hair for the ceremony, which was fixed in place by a fresh orchid, and her date

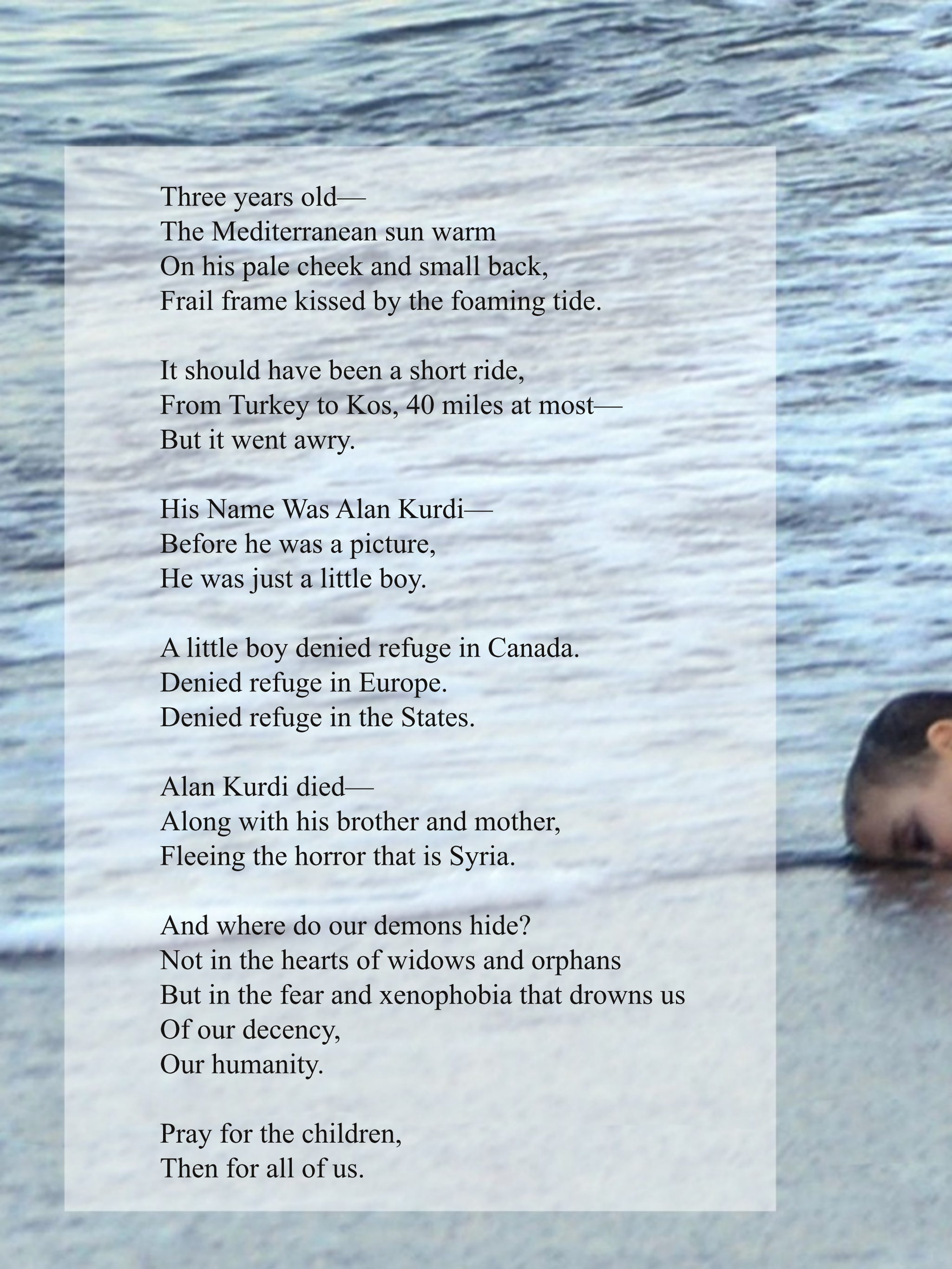
for the after-grad, who was Andrew, and whose graduation present was a sterling silver chain with a star pendant.

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TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS





Three years old—
The Mediterranean sun warm
On his pale cheek and small back,
Frail frame kissed by the foaming tide.

It should have been a short ride,
From Turkey to Kos, 40 miles at most—
But it went awry.

His Name Was Alan Kurdi—
Before he was a picture,
He was just a little boy.

A little boy denied refuge in Canada.
Denied refuge in Europe.
Denied refuge in the States.

Alan Kurdi died—
Along with his brother and mother,
Fleeing the horror that is Syria.

And where do our demons hide?
Not in the hearts of widows and orphans
But in the fear and xenophobia that drowns us
Of our decency,
Our humanity.

Pray for the children,
Then for all of us.



Child on the Beach

by Jullianna Juliesse



MONKEY FEET

BY MARINER TRILLING



The world is a hard place
when you have monkey feet.

It all started the day I was born.
The doctor was checking me out.
He realized he was looking at a perfectly healthy
Bouncing baby boy
with the feet of a fucking chimpanzee.

He told my parents their baby was unique.
He was a professional and didn't want to just say,
"Your baby has monkey feet."

It got worse as a teenager.
The toes got longer.
The foot part got shorter.
I could use my feet to pick things up.
My friends said I could learn to do sign language
barefoot.

I wanted to date girls and
I knew I could keep my secret hidden for a first date
while we went out to have something to eat.
But if I'd ever have an intimate relationship
with a woman, eventually, she'd find out that
I had monkey feet.

Through most of my life,
it was always the same first awkward moment of
intimacy with a woman.
"Why are you still wearing your socks?" she would ask.
"My feet are cold," I thought I could get away with it.
"Yeah, it's a little chilly in here. I'll turn up the heat."
Despite my stalling, eventually
the socks would come off.
"I have to go," she would say backing
away in disgust
from me and my monkey feet.

I could never apply for any job
where I would have to take my shoes off.

I heard you couldn't be in the army if you had flat feet
so there is no fucking way they would let somebody in
with monkey feet.

I wanted to be a lifeguard,
sitting up in the chair on the beach
where people could see my feet.
But people would call me "that lifeguard with the
freaky monkey feet."

The world's a hard place when you have monkey feet.

Eventually, I got older and just past midlife.
My body began to change.
My bones would pop and crack in the mornings.
Hair started growing out of my ears.
My body's structure started to sag a little.
My arches fell and my toes shriveled
so my feet didn't look quite so monkeylike anymore.

I met a special woman
and our first romantic, intimate night
together was really sweet.
But I noticed she didn't take her socks off.
She saw that I was looking at her socks and
sadly she said,
"Baby, I have something to tell you."
She drew a breath and sighed,
"Baby, I have monkey feet."

I couldn't help but smile and kiss her.
I never imagined a girl like this because of the incredible
odds that we would ever meet.
She was the most beautiful, sweetest
woman in the world.
And she had monkey feet.

That was years ago and now my life is complete.
Me, my girl and the pitter patter of
little, baby monkey feet.

A photograph of a forest with tall, thin trees and a ground covered in fallen leaves. The trees are mostly bare, with some green foliage visible in the background. The ground is covered in a thick layer of brown and orange leaves. The lighting is soft, suggesting a misty or overcast day.

FOOTFALLS EC

BY DROVER MAHOGAN

PHOTO BY LADY...VENGEANCE



CHO
Y

1. MEMORY

Now, as I walk in nearby mountains around my 5k circuit of the Casuarina Trail, my footfalls scuff the layered soil, airborne puffs of it gradually discoloring socks freshly worn. In our post-CSI, Patricia Cornwall era, we easily comprehend the interchange between actor and environment, the transfer of forensic evidence often imperceptible to our unaided senses. Unable to walk for the past couple of years, I have resumed doing so with eager energy. Yet I tire easily. The wondering mind I begin with all too soon becomes a wandering mind, seeking refuge and distraction from the effort.

Those footfalls of mine, however far from regular confident striding, nevertheless find their own echoes in my wandering memory. Some sort of forensic interchange occurs between my physical and cerebral states. Day following day, wind or rain or sunshine, I continue walking this same circuit in the same direction. Each time, without fail, I find refuge inside my memories and ensuing speculations. This pattern sustains itself, deepens, and is always reliable.

Here I am, a bit under two months after starting, at a half century of these circuits. I have gained a visceral yet unsought understanding of the related footfalls echoing in my memory. It's an understanding hitherto lacking from many re-readings of the words from T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*.

*Footfalls echo in the memory
Down the passage which we did not take
Towards the door we never opened
Into the rose-garden.*

There is mystery in Eliot's words. It inheres in the unopened door, as well as the consequences of stepping through it. So infused with the protestant ethic, my younger self apprehended but subordinated that mystery to the impracticality of revisiting what-might-have-beens. Paradoxically, time's passage both makes such speculations even less practical while delivering much greater insight.

Have you wondered, like me, what we are to do with this insight that comes too late to be used? All knowledge is grist to our mills, you say? So it is, although precisely how to use it well may be another mystery. In fitful forensic leaps, my wandering feet and their wondering mind turn to memories of opening doors into a myriad rose gardens of Second Life. Sometimes, too, to doors there I have baulked at opening.

Do my footfalls now echo in the memory of the real or the virtual?

BURN 2

BURNING MAN IN SECOND LIFE
ROGUERY CAMP WELCOMES YOU

OCTOBER 15-24





Let's Do Our Best
by Cassie Parker



photo by yildiztozu

It has now been just a little over a year since we officially debuted TerpsiCorps ARTWerks with our single performance of *Requiem: an artistic remembrance of the victims, the survivors and the aftermath of 9/11* on September 10, 2015. My, what a year it has been! TerpsiCorps ARTWerks was founded on the principles I espouse and practice in my real life job as a producer. It was founded for a single purpose – to provide artists the resources they need to create high quality art in an atmosphere unencumbered by rules and regulations that stifle their creativity and handcuff their efforts. The intent has never been to field a troupe of 30, 40, 50 or more performing artists. Rather, the intent has been to hand select a small group of artists - - artists with a collaborative spirit. A group of seasoned performers that have no need for a company handbook or the rules and regulations associated with large arts institutions or commercial theatre.

In short, I wanted to nurture and support the art of a few artists that I admired. Artists that I felt had no need for senseless rules and pointless meetings. The performers I admired most were already overworked, overscheduled and overcommitted. To add another set of constraints on their time and creativity would have had disastrous results. I wanted to surround

myself with people I trusted. Artists that took themselves, and their work seriously enough that it didn't have to be "checked" - - by me or by anyone else.

To be sure, there have been missteps and challenges along the way. Illness and fatigue seem to plague the world of art on the grid – just as it does in real life. (The two are invariably connected). Many artists need the kind of structure that TerpsiCorps simply does not provide. Many need to be prodded, to be reminded of what is and isn't appropriate. I neither have the time nor the energy to do that – in any world. Many take comfort in weekly structured meetings and imposed interim deadlines. TerpsiCorps is not an autocracy, and if an artist needs that type of structure to succeed, TerpsiCorps is not a good fit.

To some, it may seem odd or elitist to run a company that isn't chosen by audition, but in the professional theatrical world, it's not unusual at all. While it is true that in my "real" job I regularly hold auditions in New York, California and throughout North America, I most often fill my casts with performers whom I have hired season after season. These are artists I trust and admire. Artists who have delivered "the goods" for me on a regular basis. Artists I know will work well with one another and won't cause

problems in rehearsal or in performance. I can count on them to do their very best every moment of every day – every time they put a toe on stage. They are more than colleagues. They are more than friends. They are family.

The reason, then for auditions? Simply to bring new perspective, new energy and new blood into the family. To challenge the status quo and to breathe new life into the artistic process.

Where did you grow up? What did your parents do? What were your favorite subjects in school?” More often than not, their response begins with a blank stare.

But soon they begin to talk about their childhood, about their youth and about their passion. That’s exactly what I want to see and what I want to know about them. I want to see them as people first and then determine how they utilize their talents and their

I typically begin the audition by greeting the artist by name and saying, “Tell me about yourself.”

Interestingly enough, I select artists on the grid in much the same way I hire an artist in the physical world. More often than not, it begins with a simple friendly conversation. In the “real world,” that usually begins the moment they enter the room for their auditions. I typically begin the audition by greeting the artist by name and saying, “Tell me about yourself.” This typically sets off a litany of their theatrical accomplishments and they begin to recite their resume: “Well, I’ve recently performed in the X production of Y, playing the role of Z opposite. . . .” By that point my response is, “No, no, no. . . tell me about YOU. Where were you born?

artistic abilities to bring their passion and their unique personalities to a wider audience. I want to see how they communicate as people.

The same is true on the grid. My selection process for artists always begins with a simple conversation - - usually following a direct gratuity to an artist whose work I’ve just admired. Every interview of every artist at TerpsiCorps ARTWerks began with a simple compliment on an artist’s work. It’s the interaction that follows and the ensuing dialog that tells me whether or not an artist is right for TerpsiCorps ARTWerks and whether or not I have a compelling desire to work with them.



Without exception, every artist invited to be a part of the troupe has displayed an unbridled passion for their art, a unique perspective or point of view on life and their work, and a burning desire to express themselves through their art. That usually happens within moments of my initial compliment. While their own levels of self-assuredness vary greatly, they are, as a group, selfless in support of other artists. They are team players. Having spent a lifetime in the theatre and on stage, I distrust celebrity immensely - - to the point of disdain. The same is true for self-promotion. That is why when I became a producer in real life, I gave up performing. I had, as an artist, been hired by companies where the producer continued to “star” in company productions. Much like a “vanity press,” the work was mostly substandard and lacking in any kind of artistic integrity. While I may fill in

occasionally at TerpsiCorps ARTWerks as a “ball warmer,” I prefer to remain comfortably behind the scenes. I echo Groucho Marx’s letter of resignation to the Friars’ Club in regards to the suggestion of my performing on stage: “I don’t want to belong to any club that would accept me as one of its members.”

So then, it is the artists who make up TerpsiCorps ARTWerks that make it a special place. For those of you who don’t have a foundation in dance on the grid, allow me the opportunity to tell you a little bit about the process. I’m far from an expert on the intricacies involved in the creation of dance on the grid, but I do have a working knowledge of the process of bringing the art to life in a virtual world. To many, it might be a surprise to learn that when you sit in an audience in a theatrical setting on the grid and watch your favorite performer begin their performance, 95% of the work has already been done. In reality, the same is true in a “real world” theatrical setting too. But in a virtual world - - even more than in my world of theatre - - by the time an audience member watches a dancer on stage, the vast majority of their work is done. Let’s also be clear about the artists who perform in virtual dance. The creative process happens long before you see the actual performance. Much like film, that process is often long and

laborious. It begins in the imagination of the director or choreographer and takes shape as they add flesh to the vision they have in their minds. In the virtual world, more than anywhere else, an artist is limited only by their talent and their imagination. While it can be very expensive to create a work of art in the virtual world, it is possible to create all the elements you see in a number from scratch. That happens very rarely - - not usually due to a lack of talent, but because of a lack of time.

typified by troupes that either present an evening of entertainment choreographed by a number of artists or an evening choreographed by a single artist. In both instances, dances are choreographed either as solo turns or as group numbers. I have participated in several group numbers. Note that I say “participated” because that’s just what I’ve done. I don’t consider myself a performer; I consider myself a “participant” for the simple reason that group numbers are still

Having spent a lifetime in the theatre and on stage,
I distrust celebrity immensely - - to the point of disdain.

Most dancers on the grid assemble bits and pieces from an enormous repertoire of items available to them - - and most have online inventories numbering in the tens, if not hundreds, of thousands. Over the past year, I’ve watched a single individual’s artistic process on a daily basis. I know the process is the same for the other dancer/choreographers at TerpsiCorps. What amazes me is that from that inventory of thousands and thousands of items, a dancer can almost always locate an animation, a costume piece, a set piece, a texture or an architectural item in a matter of moments.

Over time, two conventions have evolved in the virtual dance world - -

created by a single artist. I suppose there may be exceptions, but for the most part, a single artist creates the movements you see everyone doing on stage. In a group number then, the artist who has created the dance is in charge of the entire piece. They rez the objects that appear and disappear throughout the dance and they run the hud that moves the players on stage. These dances can be simple in nature, with everyone on stage performing the same animations, or they can be rather complex, with each individual doing a set of moves entirely their own. Those of us who help, merely provide a body, an avatar, for the use of the artist. We hop on an animation ball (hence the phrase “ball warmer”) and hang on for

dear life!

Don't misunderstand me. Ball warmers are an essential component of virtual dance, and usually the role is taken by other artists in the troupe. But they do it as a favor for friends and colleagues, and they have little to do with the action that is going on onstage. I've seldom been as nervous as I am when I've been asked to participate as a ball warmer. I love doing it because I feel that I'm making a contribution to someone's art, but I never kid myself - the art I'm involved in is the dancer/choreographer's, not my own.

When I talk of nurturing artists from the world of dance then, I'm specifically talking about the people who choreograph and create dance on the grid. In the case of an evening of entertainment produced by a number of artists, that can mean up to eight or nine dancers - - no matter how many people actually participate in the evening's work. Likewise, an evening choreographed, built, and designed by a single individual celebrates the artistry of a lone artist. While there are a few dancers/choreographers who do not build their own sets, for the most part, no matter the number of participants, the true artistry of a dance number usually rests with a solitary individual who conceived, built, and choreographed a number. Those are the artist I select to be a part of

TerpsiCorps ARTWerks. Those with the imagination, passion, and drive to create something that only they can see.

But dance is only a part of TerpsiCorps ARTWerks. The company was founded to nurture and support artists from ALL disciplines and to work toward collaboration - - not only among dancer/choreographers, but among artists from a variety of disciplines. Collaboration not only in the virtual world, but in the real world as well. That's why we've included galleries on the grounds of TerpsiCorps Isle. It's why we've recently added a new concert and dance venue (The Asylum at TerpsiCorps Isle), and an accompanying theme park (Medusa's Lair). We still have a long way to go toward the realization of cross-disciplinary work, but things like this can't be rushed and we'll get there in due course. Artists on the grid are much like Trustees in real life, in that they have real lives, families, jobs, and obligations. They do what they do here because they love it and they have a burning desire to communicate through their art. TerpsiCorps ARTWerks is in this for the long haul and we realize that it will be awhile before we can create a world of cross-disciplinary art and of hopefully, an augmented reality that reaches across the digital divide to keep the arts alive and strong in both worlds.

Yes, I know I said at the beginning of this article that I founded TerpsiCorps ARTWerks for a single purpose, but I confess there's another long term goal. I'm here, in part, to gain an understanding and appreciation for the world of virtual art, in hopes that one day I might be able to bridge both worlds in order to create theatrical art that can be enjoyed both online and in a theatre simultaneously. I'm not sure yet what that looks like, but I'm keenly aware that the future of live performance will be reliant on a type of augmented reality that may not fully exist at the moment. When that time comes, I hope to be on the front lines as we usher a new artistic discipline into life. My family at TerpsiCorps ARTWerks, whether they know it or not, are a big part of that future. They're laying the groundwork now for the future of the performing arts.

I'm sensitive to the fact that there are many, many fine artists on the grid with whom I've not yet "connected," many whom I probably already know and many whom I look forward to meeting in the future. The virtual world is full of talented individuals expressing themselves through a wide variety of arts.



Ultimately, it's not the moves you make on stage that I'm looking for, or that I think make a great artist. It's about establishing personal relationships. The same is true no matter where you work or live or play. I look for what's in your heart. Once I've found that, I look to see if your moves match the heart I've grown to admire and love. When you've established that relationship, you're a part of TerpsiCorps ARTWerks, whether you know it or not.

We have lots and lots ahead at TerpsiCorps ARTWerks. Our artists are hard at work on two upcoming performances. I hope you'll join us on October 30th when we celebrate Dia de los Muertos with a very special performance by the TerpsiCorps ARTists, and again in December when we have a look at one of our favorite movies!

Stay tuned for more information about that in the days and weeks ahead!

Until then, let's all do our best to do our very best! I'll see you in the theatre. . .

• r — e — z •

Stars of a E

Stars of a brilliant soul rising with a moon that awakens to alabaster dreams of light that burns into enlightened energy that electrifies my nervous system as you become my conduit into the other.

We guide each other, pushing the boundaries of who we are and will be

Cathedrals play pipe organ melodies of memories reverberating through an angel silhouetted sky with hemorrhaging sunsets leaking into another portal in time as language collapses upon itself in contradictory harmonics

It comes apart without intent, the focus of here and now creating what exists within the illusion of time

I am the tree in the forest hearing myself falling to the tones of pipe organ vibrations

But I can't do it without you helping to play our melody like a duet that defines what everything is and who we are in our chorus of perceptual illusions of background and foreground defining the contextual landscapes of our mind.

We create a simple shift in focus that redefines the truth as we flow through different lyrical narratives of our lives

We try to grab for one simple truth, clinging with desperation for fear of the exploding confusion of dissonant chords of unhinged paradigms leaving us to think for ourselves when we feel we'd rather submit to one authority to relieve us from the anxiety of our own shifting truth

Decisions decisions decision making up our minds with the moving target of reality like shifting sands underfoot wondering which direction to lean before falling over into different scenarios and plot lines

But we're consistently falling into another truth another wakeup call hoping for better understanding and refinement as we try to find that one foundation of truth where the landing is soft and forgiving.

But it's the willingness to let go, as we give into the brilliant and exuberant free fall of uncertainty to let in the light of our own potential, because we are the stars of brilliant souls rising, finding resolution in the reality of our own shifting connections with what is and isn't with the shifting and ever-changing possibilities of what can be.

Brilliant Soul Rising

Consuela Hypatia Caldwell



image by AuroraLion

At a Five Star Resort by Merope Madrigal

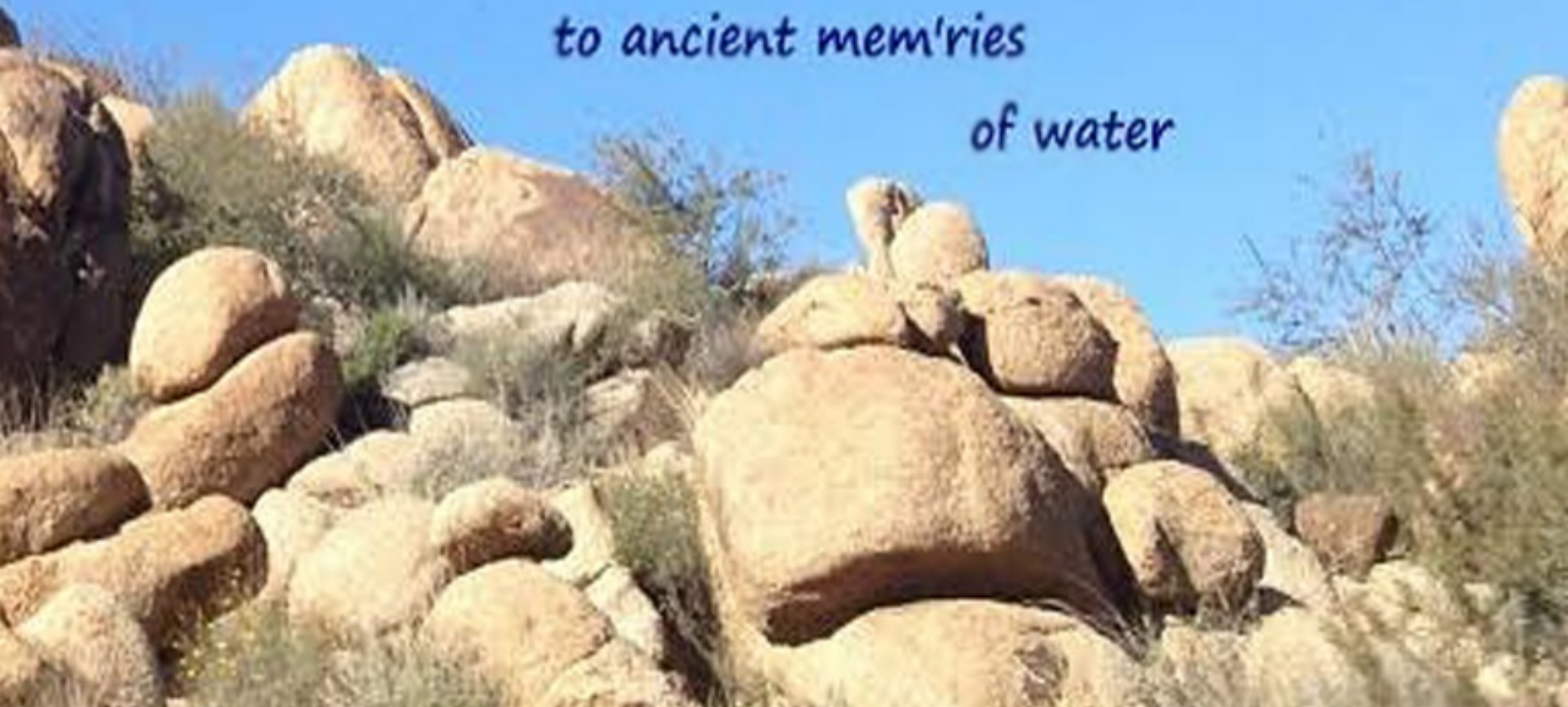


There's a dichotomy only seen from the twelfth floor balcony looking west to the Baja, stuck out like a hard phallus into the welcoming blue of a Pacific afternoon. If I look down it's obvious in the man who skims feathers and leaves off the surface of a pool he has never swam in or sat beside. Then turn around and look inside at the polished granite, the soft leather of a sofa plumped in front of that forty-two inch LED screen with "Tru-Black" technology. Cable streams porn, available in a steady diet of brain junk food that will starve the intelligence quotient of even a Mensa candidate, as they masturbate, a climax spilled over travertine to be wiped up by the maid service. I can see it but I don't care. Don Julio with its sweet agave buzz anesthetizes the Americano, as I watch poverty repelled, like detergent in oil, by the security affluence buys and the indifference having plenty in the face of nothing puts blinders on, so that I only see fresh oranges.

Arizona inukshuk point

to ancient mem'ries

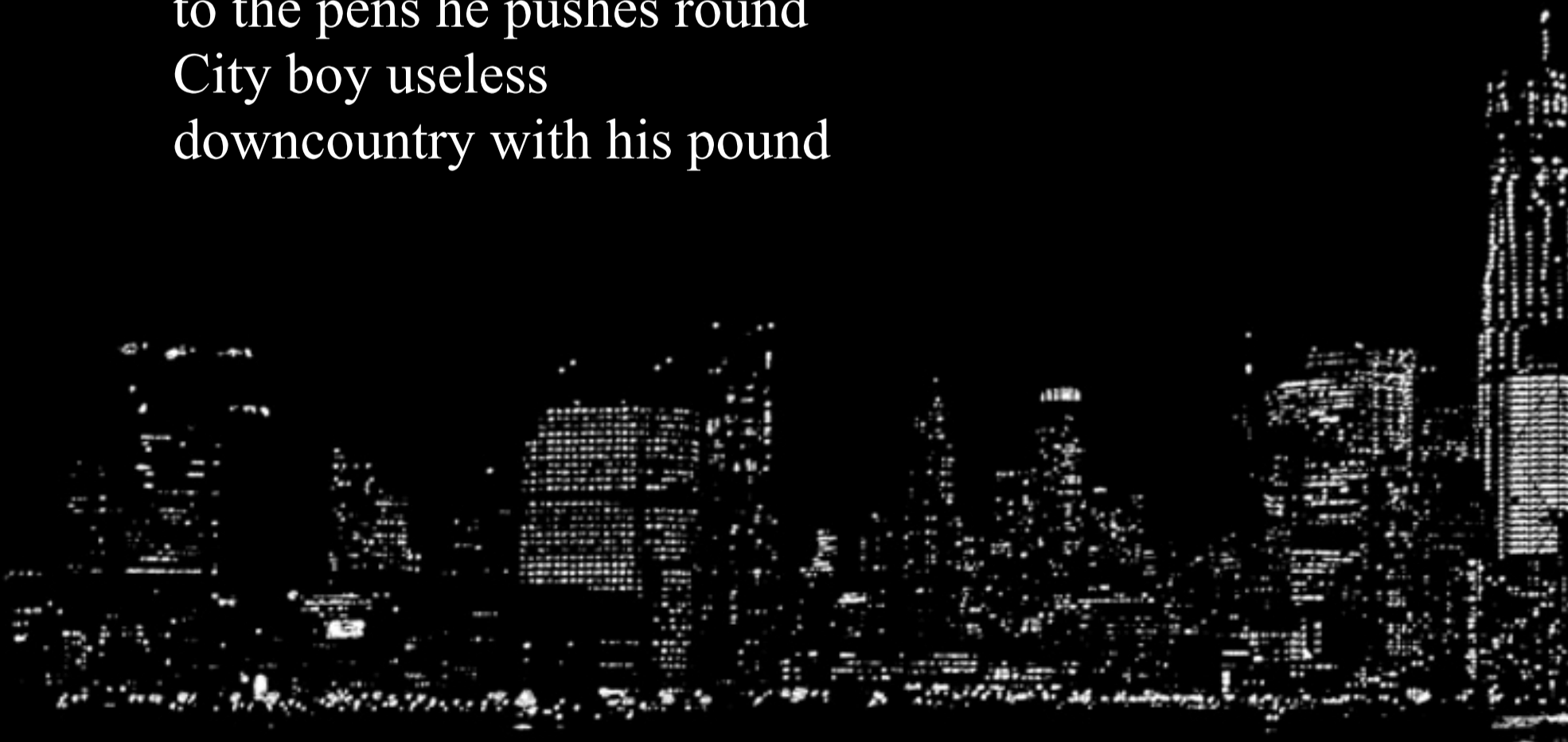
of water



City Boy

by Huckleberry Hax

City boy
with his hardworking wife
with his hands in his pockets
never worked in his life
watching others toil
when he tries, he does it wrong
City boy dickhead
will wander off before too long
back to his emails
to the pens he pushes round
City boy useless
downcountry with his pound





in the pine straw blowin

by Serene Bechir



image by leavenotrase

g

You will have to tell me soon, she said
You will have to tell me soon she said
I cannot stand this sharp un-knowing
Over there, in the pine straw blowing

But they stayed awhile as warm embrace
Grew hot with heavy groans and moaning
That left needles sticking in her hair
Over there, in the pine straw blowing

You will have to tell me soon she said
With a fevered pitch that kept on growing
Tell me how many are injured or dead
Over there, in the pine straw blowing

So he told her then with a husky voice
While the trees bent low, their colors showing
And his head was bowed from the knowing
Over there, in the pine straw blowing

That all was lost; not one came home
To the barley fields a-growing
From the battle fields red flowing
Over there, in the pine straw blowing

Where farmers tending to their crops
And mothers with their babes to rock
Sweet children in the streets - all gone now
Over there, in the pine straw blowing

And he had to tell her quick and cold
As her tears fell down from knowing
In the stark cold woods around the fields
Over there, in the pine straw blowing

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